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Comfort in Affliction,

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ADVICE

TO

PROTESTANT DISSENTERS

IN

Times of Persecution,

TOGETHER WITH

Remarks on the just Judgments of God upon this City and Land, since the Prohibition of the Gospel, by Mulcts and Penalties.

By J. O.

LONDON, Printed for R. Jones. 1681.

Consistent in Religion,

OR

A DVICE

TO

PROTESTANT DISSENTERS

IN

Chances of Persecution,

TOGETHER WITH

Remarks on the just Judgments of God upon this Class
of People, since the Publication of the Gospel, by
W. A. O. and A. O.

By W. A. O.

LONDON, Printed for B. Jones, 1782.

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COMFORT in AFFLICTION;
OR
A D V I C E
TO
PROTESTANT DISSENTERS, &c.

THE Suppressing the Glorious Light of the Gospel, and Banishing it out of Publique View; the silencing the Grace of Christs own Lips, and causing the Joyful Sound that Proclaims the Acceptable Year of the Lord, to cease out of our Borders is the Evil of Evils, and the Misery of Miseries which brings all other Evils and Miseries along with it; yea this shuts up the Kingdom of Heaven from the World, and sets Hell wide open, for all men to run headlong into it, as we see it done this day. This excludes the Love, Mercy and Goodness of God from the World as much as possibly it can, and brings in his Wrath and heavy Displeasure to waste and consume it, of which we have had the sad and most exquisite Experience, now alas! for several years together. For since the Gospel, under several Mulcts and Penalties; hath been forbidden to be Preach'd how many Manifestations of Gods Just Anger have we seen in many strange and unusual Prodigies, in the Heavens, in the Waters, &c. Being loud Warnings of the Wrath to come. What a grievous and desolating Plague, the Scourge of the Almighty hath destroyed Thousands and Ten Thousands in that late great City, and in many other parts of the Nation, the like whereunto hath not been heretofore? What a dreadful Conflagration hath devoured that famous and incomparable City the Head and Glory of these Nations, and laid it in Ashes and Ruines like *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*; which Cities were set on Fire from Heaven, but this from Hell, by the Locusts of the Bottomless Pit, the Emisaries of the Pope and his Clergy, which Vermin have swarmed in this Nation, since the removal of the Gospel.

And this provoking Sin, is not so much the Sin of the people, as of Evil Counsellors at the Helm, who as it were have openly renounced *Christ*, and desired *Barabbas* to be given to them in his stead: they have rejected the sweet and Meek Gospel of *Christ*, and have desired to be given to them the Cruel and Murderous Religion of *Antichrist*. And this one thing carrys weight in it; that they who tolerate *Papery* to take its ease among us, and to lengthen its Cords, and to strengthen its Stakes, though it be directly against *Christ*; and they who tolerate the open exercise of the *Jewish* Religion, which denies and blasphemies

phemes Christ, will by no means suffer nor endure the true and sincere Gospel of Christs Kingdom to be published, but under great Penalties.

From hence follows the greatest and deepest ignorance of God and Christ that can be, and of all their unsearchable Riches which the Gospel hath discovered to the World. The greatest ignorance of the Law and of Gospel, of Sin and of Righteousnes, of Salvation and Damnation, of Heaven and Hell; in a word, the grossest ignorance of all the Revealed Truths of God, which concern us either to obtain Eternal Life, or to avoid Endless Death.

Never was there such a Deluge of Sin seen upon Earth, as now covers the Face of the Nation; this is even become the covering of all flesh. All sorts of People, of High and Low Degree, whether Secular or Ecclesiastical, are all drenched and dyed in it; in such sort, that Men live in this World in the manifest likeness of the Devil, and if Satan himself were Incarnate, you could not easily discern one from the other. They set their Faces against Heaven, and call out upon God to Damn them, Soul and Body. So Devilish they are, that they would fain be tormented before their time, and do often provoke Hell to swallow them up; for because they can be no liker to the Devil in this World, they would hasten to Hell that there they may be fully like him. Oh Monsters of Mankind! Oh the true Seed of the Serpent! the *Right Generation of Vipers!* Ye have been fore-warn'd by God to flee from the Wrath to come, but who hath warn'd you to flee unto it? Who among the remote Nations would believe the report of all your Villanies? The very rehearsal of them would put them into Pangs, and the bare hearing of them into Tremblings; their Sayings and Doings are such, as are not fit to be mentioned or recited among Men, but only in the midst of Devils. For who without horrible fear, could either repeat or hear their desperate Blasphemies against God himself, glorious in Holiness, and against our Lord Jesus Christ, (whom God hath made his First-Born, *Higher than the Kings of the Earth, and when he brought him into the World, he said, Let all the Angels Worship Him*) and against the Holy Spirit (against whom *whoever speaks a word, it shall never be forgiven him*) against the blessed Gospel the great and onely Power of God to Salvation) against the Kingdom of God on Earth, and against them that dwell in Heaven. Therefore, O Lord, forgive them not.

For their Vine is as the Vine of Sodom, and of the Fields of Gomorrah, their Grapes are Grapes of Gall, their Clusters are bitter, their Wine is the Payson of Dragons, and the cruel Venome of Asps, The shew of their Countenance doth witness against them, and they declare their Sin more than Sodom, they hide it not, they boast of it, and every Man is fawning as he can do most wickedly. Wo unto their Souls, for they have rewarded evil against themselves.

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For therefore Hell hath enlarged her self, and opened her Mouth without measure, and their Glory, and their Multitude, and their Pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall soon descend into it. This their Day approacheth, it comes, it makes hast, when they shall perish for ever like their own Dung, and they that have seen them shall say, where are they?

And therefore how ye Profane Ones, for the Day of the Lord is at hand, it shall come as a Destruction from the Almighty: then shall your Wicked Hands fall down, and your Proud Hearts melt, and you shall be sorely afraid; Pangs and Sorrow shall take hold on you, even Pangs as of a Woman in Travel: and when ye shall look to one another ye shall be amazed at one another, and your faces shall alter and change colour as Flames. For behold the Day of the Lord cometh cruel, both with Wrath and fierce Anger, to lay the Land desolate for your sakes, and he shall destroy the Sinners thereof out of it. And he will punish the World for their evil, and the Wicked for their wickedness, he will make the Arrogancy of the Proud Ones to cease, and will lay low the Haughtiness of the Terrible Ones. In that day Sodom and Gomorrah shall rise up in Judgment against you, and it shall be more tolerable for them than for you, O Ye Profane Ones of England!

These Spiritual Evils press us sore; As for our Outward Evils, they are well known and felt by All, of all sorts; and though I should be silent in the rehearsing them, they speak forth themselves. They are a sore not to be touched; yet if no hand should touch them, how should they be healed? Wherefore I will in the Name and Fear of God make mention of one of them, and of such an one as briefly comprehends all the rest.

And this is, The strange and dismal Withering, Wasting, Languishing and Dying Condition of Poor England, whose common Welfare no Man now looks after or regards. Oh England! where are now thy Wise Men? where are thy Pilots? where are thy Physicians? where are thy Counselors? where are thy Helpers? where are they that pity thee, and say, *Alas, Alas Poor England!* thy Husband hath rejected thee, as a Wife of Whoredoms, and thou art become a Widow of Sorrows: thou art left as a Cottage in a Vineyard; as a Lodge in a Garden of Cucumbers, as a Besieged City. Thy house is intenable, and thy wound is grievous. There is none left to plead thy Cause, that thou mightest be bound up: thou hast no healing Medicines left thee; Fear and a Snare and the Pit are upon thee, and to whom wilt thou stretch forth thy hands, to whom wilt thou lift up thy Voice for help?

Thou wast lately a Rich and Flourishing Kingdom, and for thy Plenty, Wealth and Glory wast both the Wonder and Envy of the World. Whilst thou didst enjoy the Presence of God, through his Word and Ordinances; whilst Iniquity was banished out of Publique View; whilst Holiness and Righteousness, Justice and Judgment, Truth and Equity had their chief place in thee, Thou wast a People saved by the Lord, Honoured by the Lord, Exalted,

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Magnified, Protected by the Lord. *Thou wast the Head and not the Tail, even the Glory of Kingdoms and Nations.* Our Land then, was blessed with the precious things of Heaven, with the dew and the deep that coucheth beneath, with the precious fruits brought forth by the Sun, and with the precious things put forth by the Moon, with the precious things of the Earth, and the Fulness thereof. We had plenty of Gold, and of Jewels of fine Gold; and our Houses were stored with Silver; our Barns and Store-houses were replenished, and we were plenteous in Goods; in the fruit of our Cattel, and in the fruit of our Ground. Our Sons were as Plants grown up in their Youth, our Daughters as polished Pillars; our Oxen were strong to labour, and our Sheep brought forth Thousands: we did eat our Bread with joy, and drank our Wine with a merry heart, because God accepted our Works. Yea then the First-Born of the Poor did feed, and the Needy did ly down in Safety; for there was no breaking in nor going out, nor complaining in our Streets. We were a happy People that were in such a case, yea much more happy, because God was our Lord.

And thou O *London*, (for my heart is towards thee, and I am distressed for thee O *London*, and pained at the very heart) Thou wast a Joyous City, whose Antiquity was of Ancient Days; thou wast the Crowning City, whose Merchants were Princes, whose Traffiquers were the Honourable of the Earth: by thy great Wisdom, and by thy Traffique thou didst get thee Riches, and thou didst get Gold and Silver into thy Treasuries. The Harvest of the River was thy Revenue, and thou wast the Mart of Nations. All Nations emptied their Delicacies into thy Bosom, and poured forth their pleasant things into thy Lap. And when thy Wares went forth out of thy Seas, thou filledst many People, thou didst enrich the Kings of the Earth with the multitude of thy Riches, and of thy Merchandise. Thou wast also the Mountain of God, thou hadst, in the midst of thee, the stones of Fire. Thou wast the chief High Place, the Ministers of Jesus were dear to thee, and thy Arms were always open to embrace them; thou didst frequent the Solemn Assemblies of the Saints, with the Multitude of them that kept right Holy-Day. * The Out-casts of Christ were wont to dwell with thee, and thou wast a Covert to them from the face of the Spoiler. Many Fatherless Children had harbour and succour in thee, and thou wast a Husband to the Widows. It was thy Meat and Drink to feed the hungry, and to cloath the naked, and to visit the Prisoners of Jesus Christ. Thou wast as the Vine-tree amongst the Trees of the Forest, Verily a Noble Vine; But why hast thou so suddenly turned into the Degenerate Plant of a Strange Vine? Why of a right Seed did you so easily become strange Children, whose Mouth talketh Vanity, and your Right Hand is a Right Hand of Falshood? Why didst thou join thy self with the Wicked, and help the Ungodly? Why didst thou

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thou love them that hate the Lord, and didst turn thy heart and hand against them that love the Lord? Thou didst reject his Ministers: thou didst persecute his People; thou didst hunt the steps of the Righteous that they could not go in thy Streets; thou didst hawl to Prison the Assemblies of the Saints; and didst make havock of the Church of Christ till there was no remedy.

For when the Lord saw this he was angry, for he looked for Grapes from you, and you brought forth wild Grapes; he looked for Judgment from you, but behold Oppression! for Righteousness, but behold a Cry! *Wherefore he bent his Bow against thee like an Enemy, He stood with his Right Hand like an Adversary.* He sent a Fire into the midst of thee that could not be quenched, and it hath devoured thee, and brought thee to Ashes on the Earth, in the sight of all them that beheld thee. He hath swallowed up thy Habitations, he hath thrown down in his Wrath your pleasant Dwellings, your stately and beautiful Buildings. He sent into thee treacherous Dealers to deal treacherously with thee, and Spoilers to spoil thee; whilst thou wast become a silly Dove without heart. He hath brought upon thee the days that have not come on thee since thou wast a City; He hath stained the Pride of thy Glory, and brought into contempt all thy Honourable Persons; they that did feed delicately were left desolate in the Streets; they that were brought up in Silks and Scarlet embraced Dunghills: they that dwelt in well built Houses were glad to shelter themselves in Booths, and to crowd their heads in desolate places; they are come down from their Glory to sit in Dust. For thy filchiness was found in thy Skirts, therefore thou wast brought down wonderfully. How are thy Merchandise of Gold and Silver, and Precious Stones, and of Pearl, and of fine Linnen, and Purple and Silk, thy brodered Works, thy Chests of rich Apparel, thy Spices and Odors, thy Vessels of precious Wood, of Brasse and Iron, and Marble; thy Wine and Oil, thy stately Buildings and beautiful Structures of many Generations, how in three or four days are they all brought to nothing? *London*, the Glory of the Kingdom, the Beauty of *England's* Excellency, is become as when God overthrew *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*: and is now at present, a place for doleful Creatures, for Owls to dwell in, and for Satyrs to dance in, and for Wild Beasts to cry among the desolate Houses, and Dragons in their Dwellings. For thou art swept with the Besom of Destruction, and the Line of Emptiness is stretched out upon thee; because thou didst reject the Word of the Lord, and knewest not the day of thy Visitation.

How art thou brought down, which wast inhabited by Seafaring Men: the renowned City which wast strong at Sea; and thy Inhabitants did cause terror to all Nations. All that knew thee formerly are astonished at thee; thou art become a Terror to them that see thee, and they that hear of thee are pained for thee. I was bowed down at the hearing of it, I was dismayed at the seeing

ing of it. *O Lord behold my affliction, for the Enemy hath magnified himself: see and consider, for I am become Prey.* Our Enemies say, This, this is the Day we have looked for; we have found it, we have seen it. This Day shall do that which the *Fifth* of *November* could not do; now shall we see our desire upon them; for the Strength of the *Protestant* Interest is broken; we have broken the Head of it, and now shall we rase it, to the very foundation of it. But *O Lord* thou hast seen my wrong, judge thou my Cause. Thou hast seen all their Vengeance, and all their imaginations against me; thou knowest the Contrivers, the Abettors, the Incouragers, the Actors, the Favourers of this Hellish Mischief; and all those that rejoyce in it: Give unto them All Sorrow of Heart, thy Curse unto them. Persecute and destroy them in Anger, from under the Heavens of the Lord. And let all the People say *Amen.*

But now I must shake hands with thee *O London* in thy Dust and Ashes, for there is hope in this thy End. And I must turn my self back again to *England*, the Land of my Nativity, and take up a Lamentation for it. *O England*, what Nation was like unto thee from the Rising of the Sun to the Setting thereof? thou wast a People satisfied with favour, and full with the Blessings of the Lord, but art now suddenly become a poor and peeled People, meeted out and trodden down. Thou art smitten with a perpetual stroke in anger, by a heavy hand: thou art oppressed, spoyled and crushed in pieces evermore, and there is no man to save thee. For God hath remembered our Iniquities against us, and set our sins in the light of his Countenance. For by Lying, and Swearing, and Oppressing, and Slaying, and Drunking, and Whoring, and Blaspheming, &c. the Land is defiled, under the Inhabitants thereof. We have forsaken the Laws of God, changed the Ordinances of Christ, and broken the Everlasting Covenant; and therefore hath the Curse devoured us. Our Labours yield us no Profit: our Plowing, Sowing and Reaping eats up the Husbandman: our Trade is every where decayed: our Gold and Silver are exhausted and drained away: our Estates are impoverished and wasted: the Abundance we had gotten and laid up, is departed: our Exactions and Taxes are heavy upon us, so that we eat our Bread with sorrow, and drink with sighing; for they have found out our Riches as a Nest, and as one gathereth Eggs that are left, so have they gathered the Substance of the Nation, and there was none that durst move the Wing, or open the Mouth to the People. We are brought so low that we have forgotten Prosperity; but we daily mourn and fade away: for we are filled with bitterness, and made drunk with Wormwood. For our Wise Counsellors are become Fools, Understanding is perished from them: our Princes are rebellious, and Companions of Thieves; they are Riotous Persons that ear not for Strength but for Drunkenness, Our Counsellors take Counsel, but not of God, but against him:

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him: our Judges abhor true Judgment, and pervert all Equity; they turn Judgment into Gall, and the fruit of Righteousness into Hemlock: they justify the Wicked for a Reward, and take away the righteousness of the Righteous from him. Our Priests, of all Titles and Degrees, are like roaring Lions in the midst of us, ravening the Prey; they rob the Purses of Men; they imprison their Bodies; they devour their Souls: they live in Rioting and Drunkenness, they commit Adultery, and speak Lyes: they strengthen the hands of Evil Doers, that none doth return from his Wickedness. Our People are foolish and unwise, a company of treacherous Men, that ly in wait for precious Souls; they are perverse Children, who have forsaken the Law of the Lord, and have said to the Holy One of Israel, *Depart from us.* Wherefore we are become a base Kingdom, because we have rejected all righteousness; yea, the basest of Kingdoms, because we have Apostatized from the Truth. Of a Pleasant and Joyful Land, we are become a Land of Trouble and Anguish; where is the Young and Old Lion, the Viper and fiery flying Serpent. We are become a Mingled People, Strangers devour us in our presence; they devour our Strength; they swallow up our Riches; they eat up our Bread; yea they destroy us, our Cities and Towns, and there is none to reprove them. We who were the chief of Nations, the Princess of Provinces, who when we spake there was trembling to the ends of the Earth, are now become weak and contemptible, because our Rock hath sold us, and the Lord hath shut us up. Therefore the Pomp of our Strength hath ceased, and our Spirit fails in the midst of us. So that we are shamefully brought down, by the least and lowest of the Nations; who have subdued our Naval Power; taken, burnt and spoiled our Royal Ships, the Wall and Bulwark of our Nation: fought us in our own Bowels; triumphed over us in our own River; blocked up the Passage of our chief City; stopped all intercourse of Trade; made a Spoil of our Riches, and a Prey of our Merchandise; hindered and deprived us of all our pleasant things; bereaved us of several of our Rich and Advantageous Plantations; brought us down to their feet, humbly to beg their favour, and have made us a Reproach, a Proverb and a Hiding to all Nations. *O England who shall bewail thee? What Lamentations shall we take up for thee? Oh that thou wert sensible of thy Stroke and couldst bewail thy self; for thou hast sinned grievously, therefore art thou cast out of the Mountain of the Lord, thou art cast to the ground, and laid before Kings and Nations, that they may behold thee. This is the end of the Children of Pride; for they that exalt themselves shall be made Low. And therefore talk no more so exceeding proudly, let not Arrogance come out of your Mouth again, for God is a God of Judgment, and by his actions are weighed. The Adversaries of the Lord shall be broken in pieces: out of Heaven shall he thunder upon them, and therefore let not the Rebels exalt themselves.*

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Thus have I rehearsed the Evils we stand under; and now I shall represent some of the Great and Deadly Dangers that we are

in. And one is, to have the Nation infected with Popery, and to have the Pope *Throne of Solym* new brought amongst us. And are there not swarms of Priests and Jesuits earnestly at work to bring this to pass? they having emptied their *Popish Cloysters* and *Monasteries* from beyond Sea into England, to promote their *Catholicke Designs* here. And they knowing who stands at their right hand, have done it with great boldness, and with too great success. For they have perverted not only very many of the Common People, but some Nobility also, and many Gentry. And they have two great Engines, to advance their design; to wit, on the one hand Safety, on the other Danger; on the one hand Promotion, on the other Destruction; on the one hand Life, on the other Death; with the one of them they allure, with the other they terrify; with the one they draw whom they can, with the other they drive whom they cannot draw. And these Engines are of that force, that thereby they have conquered many weak, sinful and unstable Souls, yeas and have prevailed with some Persons of Honour and Quality, to send their Sons to Monasteries, and their Daughters to Nunneries beyond Sea, to be trained up in their Damnable Religion there, till better provision can be made for them here; of which they now are in full hopes.

And now think with yourselves, and consider well, O my Dear Protestant Country Men, how could you endure to see the Pope worshipped here again in England, as a God on Earth? to see him set his proud Foot on the Neck of your King? to see your King a Tributary to the Pope, and to stand or fall at his base pleasure? how could you endure to be forced to acknowledge his sinful and foolish Decrees, so he equal to the Holy Word of God? and to own his little Water, or piece of Bread, for the very Natural Body and Blood of Christ which was crucified and shed on the Cross? how could you endure to have your throats stretched so wide, as to swallow down only this one Abomination of his, which is more vast and rude than the first Chaos? how could you endure to see new Images erected in every Parish Church? and to bow your selves down and worship Stocks and Stones, Crucifixes and Images, instead of the True and Living God? how could you frame your selves to a particular Confession, and to rehearse or enumerate all your sins, to a Priest's Ear, who himself stands in need of Forgiveness more than you, being a greater Sinner? how could you endure that these lusty Priests should defile your Wives and Daughters, they being prohibited *Wives* of their own; and so should drive again a General Trade of Whoredom in the Nation, as they have been wont to do formerly? how could you submit your selves to their *Popish Penance*, and to travel their *Popish Pilgrimages* to their feigned Saints and ridiculous Reliques? how

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how could you bear the severity of their Ecclesiastical Courts and Censures, and to be pronounced Heretiques by those who are themselves the greatest Heretiques in the World: how could You Noblemen and Gentlemen, who have your Estates, or part of them, in Abbey and Church-Lands, as they were called, be content to have them taken away from You and your Posterity, and given back again to maintain *Abbots, Monks, Friars, Nuns* and such kind of *Papish Vermin and Locusts*, which, if once admitted, will eat up again every green thing in the Land: And let me tell you, that all these Estates of yours, they do not only promise to themselves, but verily expect them. Yea farther, how could you indure to have your loving Husbands taken from your Heads, and your dear Wives torn out of your Bosoms, your sweet Children dragg'd out of your Houses, your near Relations and friendly Neighbours hawled and hurried into Prisons and Dungeons, and there to be wracked, starved, tormented, and at last (if they live to it) to be put alive into the flames of Fire, there to be burnt and consumed to Ashes? and that only because they sincerely cleave to Christ and his Gospel, and will not adhere to *Antichrist*, nor receive his Mark, nor do his Hellish Drudgery: how could you indure to see this cruel Beast of *Rome* to play *Rex* here in *England* again; and though he be the First-Born of the Devil, yet to set himself up above all that is called God, and Worshipped? And yet you are now in more danger to see all these things come to pass (because you received not the truth in the love of it, whilst you enjoyed it) than your Predecessors have been this Hundred Years, they having now gotten both Wind and Tide with them, even Opportunity and Incouragement. Wherefore a Great Man concluded: That now certainly the Papists would do their Work, they were in so far a way. But he reckoned without his Host. And lest my Protestant Country-Men should be too much discouraged in this apparent and approaching Danger, I will furnish you with one Rich Cordial, out of the Words of *Henry the VIII.* which he directed to the Papists in his days, in his foregoing Declaration against them: where he saith, *Are you not wicked which so hate the Truth, that except she be utterly banished, ye will never cease to vex her? The Living God is alive, neither can Truth his Darling, He being alive, be called to so great shame, contumely and injury as you would have her, and if she may be called to all these, yet can she come to none of them. Who he that grievously lamenteth not! Men to be come to such Shameless Boldness, so shew apertly that they be Enemies to Christ himself? On the other side, who would not be glad to see such Men, as foolish as they be Wicked? For they work a deceitful Work, and by all their cunning Craftiness, Mysterious, and industrious Actings, they only dig the Pit, into which they must fall themselves, and conceive the ruine that must be their own Portion.*

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Your Second Danger, is to have the most Cruel and Inhumane Massacre executed upon you, that ever yet was committed in the World, by the Consecrated Hands and Weapons of the *Papists*. And this Glorious Service of theirs is designed upon the *English Protestants*, for the singular Promotion of the *Catholic Cause*, which hath its way usually prepared into all Nations, by Fire and Sword. The Wrath of the *Papists* is so kindled against you, and they are so thoroughly set on fire from Hell, that they are ready to break forth into their greatest flames, and to endeavour the Destruction of All at Once. It is well known, how well they are Hors'd and Arm'd, and how they train their Troops against the Bloody Day intended. It is well known, how well they are furnish'd with Money, intended for other purposes. It is well known what numbers of *French Men* are brought into the bowels of the *English*; and many Noblemen and Gentlemen are so pleased with the Children of those Strangers, that they have *French Servants, Papists*, to attend them, whom they have well Mounted and Armed, enough to make a little Army of themselves. And thus they do that their strength may be hidden till opportunity shall serve to make it appear. It is well known that the chief Places of Strength, and many Chief Commands are in the hands of *Papists*. And now they become so numerous, and having such power, what is there wanting but a convenient Opportunity to fulfil all that is in their Hearts, upon Secure, Unarmed, Unprepared People, and to dispatch their work in few days, and especially upon thee O *London*, who art their chiefest Eye-Sore. O *England*, (except the Lord prevent it) thy Calamity is near, at the very Door: and thou mayst expect every day, now Peace is made Abroad, when these will unsheath and draw their Swords upon you here at Home: and you must be charg'd in the Kings Name (for so they will abuse it) to stand still, and to hold forth your Throats to Murderers. You cannot forget the dreadful Massacre at *Paris*, nor that late more dreadful and bloody Massacre of the *English Protestants* in *Ireland*, when more than a Hundred Thousand Innocent Persons, Men, Women and Children were in a very short time, with the greatest Cruelties and Torments that ever were heard of, murdered by them: and what Authority they pretended for it. But they have treasured up in their minds the fulness of all Cruelties, for you *English-men*. They have discovered something of their Kindness and good Pleasure to you in their firing the City of *London*, which they have left as an Everlasting Monument of their Treachery and Villany to *England*, and of their hatred to *English Protestants*; and let this most notorious fact of theirs be engraven in great Characters on the Gates and Walls, and Chief Places of your City, when it shall be built again, that all Posterity when they shall see New *London*, may know and consider what Persons, and what Religion burnt the Old. They have also often attempted the firing of

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Southwark, and of the remaining parts of the City; for nothing but the utter ruine of it will satisfie them. And when the kindling of some of these later flames, was related to a Great Person, they laughing said, *Now the Game is begun again*; for they make but a *May-game* of consuming all. And yet Fire only will not satisfie them, it is blood must follow, or they are never the near. It is you O *English Protestants*, whose lives they thirst after, and they can neither eat nor drink comfortably, nor sleep quietly, till they be filled with this Venison. And therefore of you it may be truly said, *Your lives are in jeopardy every hour.*

Yet for all this let us not despond nor cast away our Confidence, saying, *Our hope is cut off, and we are perished*; for he that sits in Heaven laughs them to scorn, even the Lord hath them in Derision: and though we hold our peace, he will speak to them in his Wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. He will make his Arrows drunk with their blood, and his Sword shall devour their flesh, from the beginning of Revenges upon the Enemy. *Rejoice O ye Nations, with his People, for he will avenge the Blood of his Servants, and will render Vengeance to his Adversaries, and will be merciful to his Land, and to his People.*

Thirdly, Another of your Dangers, which also is one of the greatest, is your own Heedlesness and strange Security, in the midst of such thick Clouds and Storms which have encompassed us round, able to awaken even dead Men. How stupid and sottish were you at the burning of your City, when you saw with your own eyes, your Houses, your Substante, your Riches, all consuming together in those furious flames before your faces; yet how insensible were you of your deplorable condition? how regardless of that heavy hand of God? how insensible of the Treachery and Cruelty of Men? who did not only begin those flames, but also continue them in the Progress they had appointed for them. Had you the Brains or Hearts of Men, to suffer those Incendiaries who were taken in the very Act, to be rescued from Justice, and released to carry on their Villany again? surely you were so sottish, that had not the Lord been the more merciful to you, your Lives and Houses had perished together, as it was designed. Moreover, how insensible have you been of the *Popish Plot*, and intended Massacre; as if those good Men had been but in Jest, when a Regiment of *Papists* was brought up to secure the *Protestants*, and a company of Wolves to guard the Flock; and when some of their own Pens and Lips reveal their minds, why should you yet be so ignorant of it, who are wholly concerned in it? Wherefore as your Lives hitherto have been dear to God, so let them now also be dear to your selves, and do not you say, *Peace, Peace*, when the *Papists* intend and prepare *Destruction*, but let that be verified of you, which *Henry VIII.* said of his times, to wit, *The World is not now in so light a suspicion of you (Papists) as it hath been hitherto; but every Man seeth*

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before his Eyes, your deceits, your Wicked Minds, your Immortal Flare against the Truth, and the Professors of it, every Man sees how many miserable Tragedies your pretence of an Unity and Concord hath brought into Christendom. They see your fair face of Peace hath served Sedition, and troubled almost all Christian Realms. And therefore seeing they were so quick-sighted who lived above an hundred and thirty years ago, to see and foresee the Treacheries and Cruelties of the *Papists*, let not us who live so many years after, and have had far greater experience of them, be altogether blind, and see nothing at all, in the clear Noon-shine of their Doings.

Wherefore let all be admonished, that after the desired Tidings of Peace they be not so eagerly addicted to the rebuilding their Houses, and regaining their Trade, and prosecuting their Worldly Affairs and Concernments (whilst yet they are uncertain of the enjoyment of any thing) that they become careless and regardless how it fares with the Church of Christ and his Gospel (which is the very light and life of our Souls, as well as the foundation of all our outward comforts) or how active and watchful the Brood of *Antichrist*, which lurks amongst us, becomes, that they may deprive us of our Religion and Lives; and so, be as greedy Birds that are scratching for food, whilst the Net is spreading over them to catch them at unawares, for what will it profit you to win Estates, and to lose your Lives: your Lives are better than your Estates, and your Estates are but for the comfort of your Lives. And if the Enemy take away your Lives, whose shall your Estates be: they shall even become a reward to the Murderers.

Awaken therefore O *Protestants* and *English* Men out of your deep and dangerous Security! and stand upon your feet like Men: Ye dead men live again, and I will humbly and faithfully advise you (as I am able) out of very love, in a few things.

1. My First Advice is, that you believe none of their pretended fairness and kindness to you, seeing their hearts are wholly against you, and their hatred to you is immortal; even the hatred of the Devil in the Hearts of Men, which is a certain fire of Hell which goes not out by Day or by Night. But know for certain, when they promise fair, they are not to perform any thing, but the quite contrary: when they seem to kiss you, they intend to kill you; when they suffer you to be quite, 'tis that they may bring the greater trouble upon you; when they retreat from the exercise of their fierceness, 'tis that they return upon you with the greater Fury, when you shall less think of it; for their whole Trade is *Deceit* and *Villainy*. Though Satan transform himself into an *Angel of Light*, yet still is he the *Prince of Darkness*, and these his Followers are exactly like him, both to deceive and to destroy: they will change their Colours, like *Proteus*, to deceive

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ceive you; but they will never change their cruel Minds, but they that will be deceived, let them be deceived.

2. My *Second* Advice is, that none either Plot or Attempt any thing against the present Power, but that all stand still in their Place and Calling, like Wisemen with their Eyes in their Heads, quietly waiting for the Salvation of God. For no Mans Hands can help him in this Matter, but our strength is to sit still. We can no more change Kingdoms and Governments in the World, than we can alter the Course of the Sun or Moon in the Heavens; but it is the Great God that must do these great things. It is the most High God that reigns in the Kingdom of Men, and gives them to whomsoever he will. And when his time is come, the set and full time, and the most High shall utter his Voice, his instruments shall be at his foot, ready to do his work, even to execute the Vengeance written; and all his mighty Providences shall concur, to bring about the Council of his Will. Wherefore remember, that Mans rashness carrys ruin in it, but Patience perfects both Gods Works and Mans. *In Patience possess your Souls.*

Wherefore all that we should do, if we might be heard by those that are instructed to help at this needful Time is, only to desire for the Glory of God, and the Nations good, and their own, these three things.

1. That the dear and precious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour may be permitted publicly to be Preached again, in the Purity and Power of it, and that the faithful Teachers may be restored to their Ministry throughout the whole Nation. For when Jesus Christ who *hath all Power in Heaven and Earth given into his hands*, hath commanded his Ministers to go and teach in all Nations. How can you Worldly Powers, who have but a little Power in this Nation, answer it to him, when you forbid that to be done which he hath so solemnly commanded? He that *hath all Power in Heaven and Earth* hath commanded his Ministers to teach his Gospel, and dare you who have but a little power on Earth, and none at all in Heaven forbid them? If you do not repent of and amend this our Evil, it had been better for you, that you had never been born.

2. Our second desire is, That all *Popish* Commanders may be Disbanded, and put out of all Office and Trust in a *Protestant* Nation, and that all *Popish* through *England* may be disarmed; seeing they are not armed for us, but against us.

3. That all *French* and *Outlandish* Men may be banished; for they are but Moths in our *English* Garment, to fret it by degrees, all to pieces; as they have fretted a great deal of it already.

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And what *English* man or *Protestant* is there, that will not join with us in these necessary Desires, which if they be not granted, farewell all Good Days from *England* for our time.

And now to conclude all, I shall only leave two or three Sovereign Antidotes with my dear Country Men to preserve them from the noysome Contagion and Plague of *Poperie*.

1. Consider with Trembling, that none are given up to this Damnable Delusion but those whose Names are not Written in the *Lambs Book of Life*, as the Spirit of God affirms *Rev. 13. 8.* saying, *And all that dwell upon Earth shall worship him (i.e. the Beast or Antichrist of Rome) whose Names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the Foundation of the World.* And what Person would carry such a Worm in his Conscience continually, for the whole World, and all the Kingdoms and Glory of it, as to know and certainly to understand, that his Name is not written in the *Book of Life*, nor can ever be put in; for all the Writings in that Book are from Eternity, and no new thing can be inserted in it. And therefore let Men say what they will, they are none of Gods Elect, who close in with this False and Heretical Religion, after the Gospel hath been Preached to them, and they have been instructed in it. For to depart from the known Truth to known Error, is not a Sin of Ignorance, but of Malice; and this is the *Sin unto Death*, for which there is no Remission. Wherefore let every one that would attain to any comfortable Assurance that his Name is Written in the *Book of Life*, flee from *Poperie*.

2. They that Apostatise to this False Religion, are as surely to be Damnd, as if they were in Hell already. This is a hard saying, but a True One; as it is evident in that of *Paul*, *2 Thes. 2.* where speaking of *Antichrist*, that *Wicked One*, whose coming is after the working of *Satan* with all Power and Signs, and Lying Wonders, and with all deceivableness of Unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the Truth, that they might be saved. He adds, *and for this cause God shall send them strong Delusions that they should believe lies, that they all may be Damnd that believe not the Truth, but have pleasure in their unrighteousness.* This sort of People God gives them up to believe a Lye, the Grand Lye of *Poperie* (for this whole Religion is nothing else but one continued Lye, from the beginning to the end of it) to the intent, that they should all Perish and be Damnd. This is the Word of God, against all wilful *Papists*, and it cannot be made void. *John* also testifies *Rev. 14. 9.* that an Angel Proclaimed with a loud voice, saying, *If any Man Worship the Beast and his Image, and receive his Mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the Wine of the Wrath of God which is poured out without mixture into the Cup of his Indignation, and he shall be tormented with Fire and Brimstone in the presence of the holy Angels, and in the presence of the Lamb;* and

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and the Smoak of their Torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest Day nor Night, which Worship the Beast and his Image, and whosoever receiveth the Mark of his Name. In which Scripture you may see with open face, the sad end of all the Popish Generation: which is to be tormented for ever and ever. Wherefore out of very Malice, they have been, are, and will be our Tormentors here, when they get opportunity, because the Devil is to be their Tormentor in Hell for ever. Wherefore who ever would avoid the Torments of Hell let him fly from Popery.

3. Lastly *Antichrist* is now in his Old Age, and draws near his End, yea is drawing his last breath. He is very shortly to be utterly destroyed with the Spirit of Christs Mouth, and the Brightness of his coming. And what Wise-Man, yea what Man of common reason would join himself to *Antichrist*, for one hour, yea for one quarter or minute of his hour? If Men might have reigned with him many years, and have enjoyed his Delicacies for a long Season, then might it have been a strong inducement to a carnal heart, who seeks his Portion only in this life, to have closed in with him; but now to do it when his Destruction draws near, what extream Folly and Madnes must it needs be? Who would venture a Board that Ship which is just a sinking? or become a Subject in that Kingdom which is just ready to be rooted up? and confident I am through God, that after *Antichrist* and his Brood of Serpents, have play'd a few more of their old cruel Pranks anew in *England*, both He and They will become so utterly odious to All, that their Name shall be no more remembered among us, but with higheft Contempt and Indignation, and that for ever. And let the Lord say *Amen*, and all his People.

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AND now O Lord, to whom should we look? our Eyes are only unto thee. And we beseech thee to look down from Heaven, the Habitation of thy Holiness, and of thy Glory, upon us, and upon our present Sad, and almost Desperate Condition: and stretch forth thy Holy Arm to maintain Thine Own Good Cause, (which thine Enemies scorn and deride, and laugh at among themselves) and to help afflicted Righteousness, and thine own poor People, who are brought very low, so that their belly cleaveth even to the dust. Indeed, Vain is the Help of Man, and our Enemies say, There is no help for us in God: But yet we know there is help in thee, and that thy help is never in Vain. For thou canst do the greatest Things by the smallest Means, yea thou canst do the greatest Things, without all Means. For thou spakest and the World was made, thou didst command, and it stood fast. Therefore our Eyes are unto thee, O Lord, and we do believe that thou canst do all things; and can so do them, that none can resist thee. Is any thing too hard for the Lord? shall we call thy Power in Question; who didst prepare a safe passage for thy People through the mighty Waters, and didst cause them to walk on dry ground through the depths of the Sea? Take therefore thy great Power and come and Reign in the midst of these thy greatest Enemies, till thou make them All thy Footstool, and till thou hast put down all Rule, Authority and Power which lifts up its Head, and stretcheth forth its Arm against thee, O Lord, and thy Holy and Blessed Gospel, and thine Anointed. Oh cause Iniquity to stop its Mouth, and Wickedness to hide its face again. Let Violence no more be heard in our Land, nor Wasting and Destruction within our Borders; let the cause of the Fatherless and of the Widows be justly judged, Let thy Prisoners be loosed, and thine oppressed be eased; let them be helped, who have no helper. Make way with thy strong Arm for thy own Labourers to continue to come to thy Harvest-Work; for thy Harvest (we trust) is very great in England. And therefore O Thou into whose hands all Things are delivered of the Father, and all Power in Heaven and Earth is given; and who by this Greatest and Highest Authority of Thine, hast commanded thy Ministers, to go and teach all Nations, after thou didst send them: Oh do thou make way for them to teach this Unworthy Nation, before the Coming of the Son of Man; that through their

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ministring thy Word, thy Church may awake and rouse up it self, and put off its filthy Raiment, and may be restored to the Brightness of its first rising, when it was full of faith and love, and all Graces and Gifts of the Holy Ghost, without any mixture of Antichristian Errors, that all thy People may strive together for the Faith of the Gospel, and not quarrel any longer about empty Forms; but may with One Mind, and with One Mouth confess the Truth as it is in Jesus: and then shall all Kings bow down before thee, and all Nations that serve Thee, they shall sing forth the Honour of thy Name and make thy Praise Glorious. Amen.

FINIS.
